

BR

1715

.Z9M4

Library of Congress.

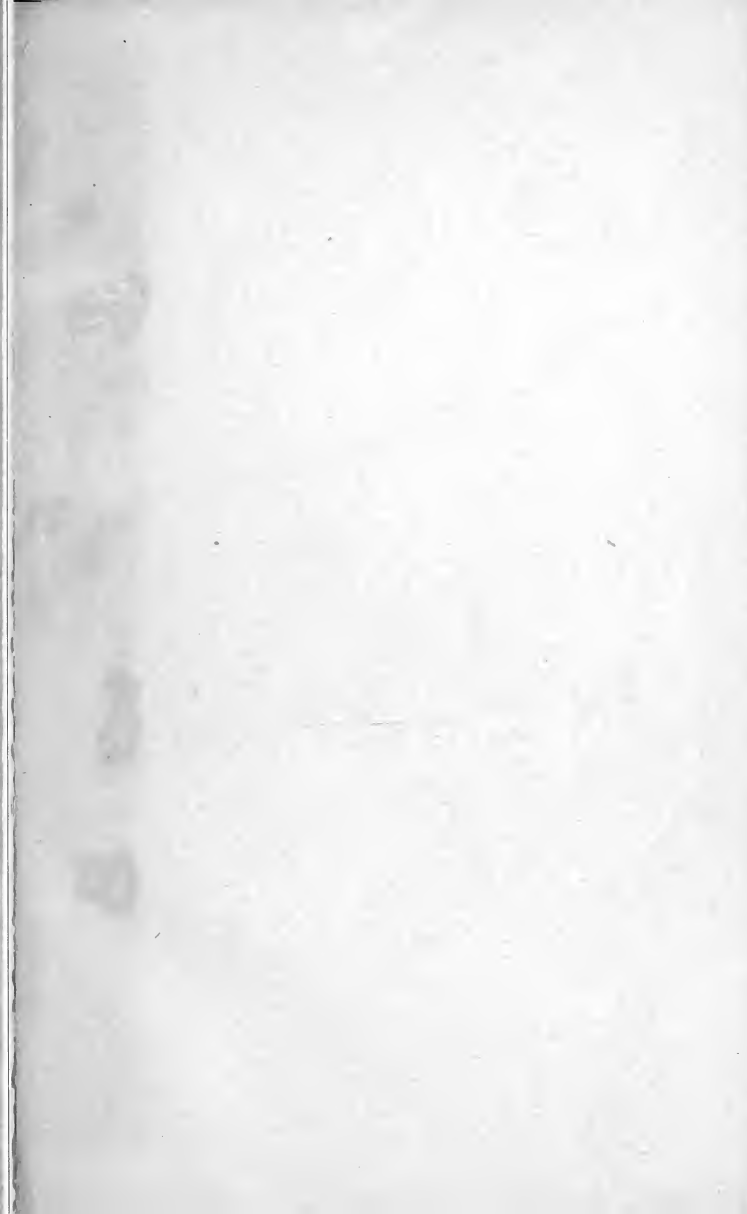
Chap. BR 1715

Shelf .Z9M4

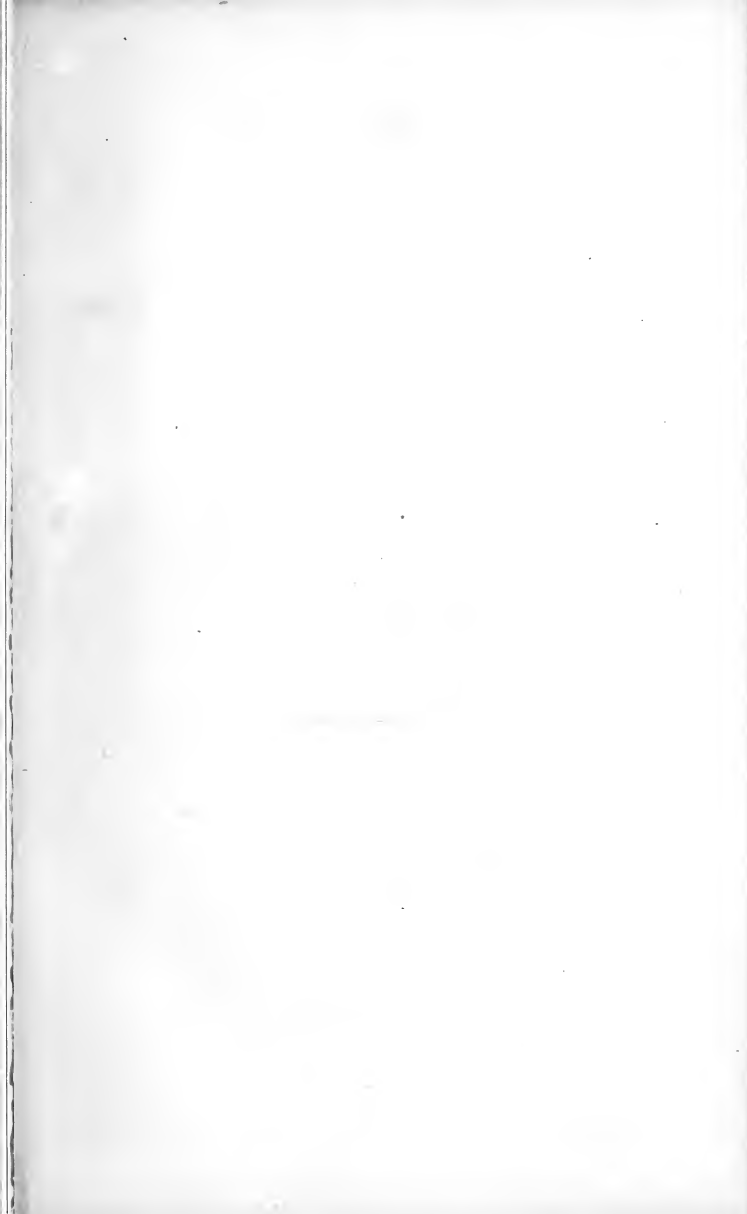
Copyright No.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











Sister Lottie.

MEMORIES OF LOTTIE.

BY A PASTOR.



327

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,

150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.

1863

Dec. 8. 1863

BR1715
Z9M4

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by the
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court
of the Southern District of the State of New York.

2 5001

758

22813.228

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION-----	7
1. Lottie's first letter -----	9
"Afraid of ridicule"-----	11
2. Lottie's letter -----	13
"I once thought I was a Christian"-----	15
3. Lottie's letter -----	16
"Knowing, yet not feeling"-----	17
"The feeling will come gradually"-----	17
4. Lottie's letter-----	20
"I hope that I shall remain in this state of mind"-----	23
5. Lottie's letter to L-----	24
"I hope I love Him a little"-----	26
"I have not told mother"-----	26
6. Lottie's letter-----	28
"Two things that make all the trouble"-----	29
7. Lottie's letter -----	31
"Oh, how hard it is to do right"-----	31
8. From Lottie's journal -----	32
"Perhaps you love the Saviour"-----	32
"Perhaps"-----	33
"It is the simplest thing in the world"-----	34
9. From Lottie's journal -----	36
"It was beautiful"-----	36
"It seems as if such things made me better"-----	37

10. From Lottie's journal -----	39
"The communion season very affecting" -----	39
11. Lottie's letter -----	42
"To be alone" -----	42
12. Lottie's letter -----	45
"I have felt sad sometimes of late" -----	46
13. From Lottie's journal -----	47
"A beautiful sermon" -----	47
14. From Lottie's journal -----	48
"I love her dearly" -----	48
15. Lottie's letter -----	49
"Do I love my friends too much?" -----	51
16. From Lottie's journal -----	53
"An interesting meeting" -----	53
17. Lottie's letter -----	54
"I sometimes love to think of Jesus" -----	55
18. From Lottie's journal -----	57
"I could say Yes to the first" -----	57
19. From Lottie's journal -----	59
"I hardly dare say that I hope I have found the Saviour" -----	60
"Lord, help me to serve thee" -----	61
"Let me not be deceived" -----	61
20. From Lottie's journal -----	63
"Every thing is more pleasant since I gave myself to Christ" -----	63
21. From Lottie's journal -----	65
"I feel very badly to-night" -----	65

CONTENTS.

5

22. Lottie's letter	67
"I wish I was a Christian"	68
"I have resolved over and over again"	69
"It seems as if it was of no use to try"	70
"How I do wish I could see Mr. H——"	70
23. Lottie's letter	72
"I thought I was a Christian"	73
"Father and mother will think it too soon"	74
24. Lottie's letter to a little class-mate	75
"A new path in life"	76
25. Lottie's letter to a class-mate in the Packer Insti- tute	77
"I wish you would give your heart to the Saviour"	78
26. Lottie's letter to a class-mate	79
"You must not say 'if'"	80
27. Lottie's letter to a class-mate	81
"Sisters in Christ"	81
28. From Lottie's journal in the revival of 1858	83
"It was a great effort for them"	84
29. Lottie's letter to a young convert	86
"Thinking about Christ"	87
30. Lottie's letter to L——	88
"Have you told your mother?"	89
31. From Lottie's journal	90
"I could not have him go away"	90
32. Lottie's letter to Minnie	92
"Can't you write a letter?"	93
33. Lottie's letter to Minnie	94
"Oh to be happy again!"	95

34. Lottie's letter to her late pastor -----	97
"The most precious text in the Bible" -----	98
"Where to look in the Bible" -----	100
35. Lottie's letter to L-----	102
"A sinful heart" -----	104
36. From Lottie's journal -----	105
"A sweet season" -----	107
37. Lottie's letter to L-----	109
"One by one" -----	109
38. Lottie's letter -----	111
"Every thing is bright" -----	112
39. Lottie's second letter to her late pastor-----	114
40. Lottie's letter to Minnie -----	117
"I love Him so much more" -----	118
"Nearer to our Father's house" -----	119
41. Lottie's last letter-----	121
The last letter-----	122
42. Lottie's sickness and death-----	124

INTRODUCTION.

THIS book is not a biography. It is simply a memorial. No attempt has been made to narrate the life, or to analyze and portray the character of the interesting child who is the subject of it. We have had many interesting biographies of Christian children; but it was thought that it might be well to permit the experience of such a child to record itself in its own unaltered words, as in this volume—to make its own statements, to describe its own thoughts and feelings, trials and joys. It is not often that one so young as Lottie writes so frankly and so fully concerning her inner life; therefore these letters and journals have a peculiar interest and value.

Lottie's pen may bring some Christian parents nearer to their children, and guide and aid them in their instruction. And it may comfort and incite some children who

are seeking early the light and love of God. The comments of the author have been scrupulously subjected to the guidance of Lottie's own writings.

It is not necessary to state any other biographical facts than these: Lottie was born on the 9th of June, 1845, and died on the 14th of October, 1858. Not only was she from her earliest infancy given in prayer and faith to God, but she was educated for him. She had every advantage in a Christian home, in the church with a faithful and beloved pastor, and in the Sabbath-school. These are the only essential facts. Others will be sufficiently developed in her correspondence and journal.

If this little volume shall accomplish any thing in stimulating or in aiding Christian parents, or in guiding and instructing the young, that Christian household where Lottie's name and memory are most tenderly cherished will have new joy in their sorrow, and the author will be abundantly rewarded.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1863.

MEMORIES OF LOTTIE.

1. LOTTIE'S FIRST LETTER.*

BROOKLYN, June 5, 1856.

MY DEAR SISTER SARAH—I wrote to you yesterday, but it was done with pencil, and I had more to say to you than that paper could hold. I will send that also, for fear you might think that I will leave something out that was in it. Something has troubled me very much lately. I have got a *scrap*, and the name of it is, “*Why am I not a Christian?*” There are questions, and threats and promises as answers. The first question is, “Is it because I am afraid of ridicule?” Then it says that whosoever is ashamed of Christ, He will be ashamed of them. I’m

* This is the earliest of Lottie’s letters which has been preserved. It was written when she was not quite eleven years of age.

afraid that that hinders me from being a Christian.

Yesterday I began to write to you in school, and one of the girls was very curious to know what it was about; so she took the opportunity to take a look; and I believe she saw the words, "Ashamed of Jesus." When I found it out, I felt the blood rush to my face with *shame*. I suppose if I was a real Christian I should not feel so. I have prayed that I might overcome the fear of ridicule, but have not yet succeeded. I thought perhaps you could tell me something that would help me to overcome that fear of ridicule. I expect you think that I ought not to talk so about being a Christian, without trying harder than I do; and I will try harder, if only for your sake I had almost said, but I should say for the sake of Him who "gathers the lambs in his arms, and carries them in his bosom."

I hope you will not think I am looking too far forward to the future, if I say that if I should join the church, it would get to the ears of the school-girls, and I should be made fun of. It would be a hard trial; but be sure

and answer this question : "*If I was a real Christian, should I feel so about being ridiculed ?*"

With much love, your sister

LOTTIE.

"AFRAID OF RIDICULE."

To be afraid of ridicule and to be ashamed of Jesus are not necessarily the same thing. There are some sensitive, timid natures that are always afraid of the laugh or the jeer; while at the same time they do not yield to their fears, but go straight forward in the path of duty. They are not ashamed of Jesus; they love him and rejoice in him, but instinctively tremble at the very thought of ridicule. Our Saviour does not require us to be willing to be ridiculed, but only to be willing to serve him, whatever we may fear, and whatever men may say or do.

Lottie asks, "If I was a real Christian, should I feel so about being ridiculed?" A real Christian might have such feelings, but she would not yield to them; or if she did for a time yield to them, as did Peter, like him she would repent of her sin and forsake

it. To have such feelings is a temptation of Satan : to cherish and indulge them is sin ; to resist and overcome them is a real Christian triumph. There are some who are really ashamed of Jesus. How strange this must seem to angels ; and to God, how presumptuous.

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

2. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

SABBATH EVENING, March 15, 1857.

DEAREST SARAH—I do not remember asking you any questions in my last letter. I said that I once thought I was a Christian. O that I could think so now! I said that I would tell you the particulars some other time: I will do so now. Last year about the holidays we had a day set apart for fasting and prayer in our church. I went to meeting with J—— in the evening; mother did not go. As I was coming out of the church, Mrs. H—— and J—— were a little ahead of me. I was running to catch up to them, when I met Mr. H——. He spoke to me, and asked me if I was going to serve the Lord with all my might, and if I would not love to be a Christian better than any thing else in the world.

I could not get rid of the thought. The next morning when I sat down to my lessons, I felt as if I could not study. I went away alone, and thought over it and prayed over it. I did not know what it was to be a Chris-

tian, and I could not rest till I was one. At last I thought of a little piece I had, illustrating what it was to be a Christian. It said that to give the heart to God was to love him. I thought to myself how easy it was to love him. I then went and prayed God to make me a lamb of his flock, and arose from my knees happy. It seemed as if I was perfectly ready to die, and to go to sleep in his bosom. I felt very happy for a time, but it gradually wore off.

Write to me soon, and tell me what to do; talk about the blessings or cursings in another world, and describe the happiness of the Christian in this and another world. May we meet in heaven, dear sister, never to part again, but to rejoice in Christ our blessed Saviour for ever and ever. Pray for this, dear Sarah, and remember me daily in your prayers. Let me think every night that the recording angel is taking up prayers for a lost sheep wishing to return to the fold—taking them up from a much loved sister. Write to me soon, dear Sarah. Pray for me.

LOTTIE.

Oh, pray for me!

“I ONCE THOUGHT I WAS A CHRISTIAN.”

Perhaps she was a Christian at the time of which she wrote, but trusted too much in her feelings, and not enough in Christ. She says, “It seemed to me as if I was perfectly ready to die.” “I felt very happy for a time, but it wore off.” Such feelings are not of themselves sufficient evidences of piety; and as Lottie perhaps made too much of them, depending on them as if they were such evidences, it may have been necessary that they should be taken away from her. She must learn that only such a faith and love as lead the soul to resist sin, to fight against temptation, and to strive to do the will of Christ, could give her the true evidence that her heart had been changed. When Jesus finds a young Christian trusting too much in her happiness, he may take that happiness away. It is often a long while before a young Christian learns to keep steadily on, trusting in Christ and trying to serve him whether joyful or sad. But we shall see more of this.

3. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

APRIL 6, 1857.

MY DEAR SISTER SARAH—I just wish to write a few lines to you. Can a sinner be converted before he fully feels his need of Christ? In your last letter but one you said that Jesus wishes me to come to him just as I am. Now I might come to him knowing, yet not feeling my need of him; resolving to be his, not in my own strength, but in his. Would he receive me? I cannot make myself feel my need of him; if I could, I would. But I suppose that if I come to him and ask him to make me feel it, he would. I suppose the feeling will come gradually, will it not, dear Sarah? Do answer me before you go into the country. Do it very soon. I wish an answer to these questions.

Perhaps J—— and I will come to A—— street Friday afternoon. If you can, write to me, and slip the letter in my hand when we come there. With love I remain your true friend and sister,

LOTTIE.

KNOWING, YET NOT FEELING.

“I might come to Him *knowing*, yet not *feeling* my need of him; resolving to be his, not in my own strength, but in his. Would he receive me?” It is not the degree of feeling we have in coming to Christ that can help or save us, but only his grace. We ought indeed to feel deeply our sins, but instead of delaying, in order to work upon our feelings, we should come directly to him. Perhaps Lottie thought if she could make herself feel very deeply, she could bring that feeling to Christ as if it would be worth a great deal to him. But Christ wanted *her*—her love and faith, and not her feelings.

“THE FEELING WILL COME GRADUALLY.”

There is a great difference among Christians in this respect. Some have at first a great deal more of feeling than others. Some are overwhelmed at first, and some are very calm and quiet when they are brought to see their sins and to seek Christ. And it is always true that the feeling of our need of Christ grows gradually stronger and stron-

ger the longer we live in his service. The soul must feel enough to accept of Christ as its Saviour and its all; this is the only measure that can be given.

I find these lines in Lottie's scrap-book; and if in the spirit of them she had thought more of Christ and less of her feelings, she would not have been so troubled.

“CHRIST IS ALL, AND IN ALL.”

COLOSSIANS 3:11.

Jesus, my Saviour, look on me,
For I am weary and oppressed;
I come to cast my soul on thee;
Thou art my *rest*.

Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek,
Thou art my *strength*.

I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O shed thou forth some cheering ray;
Thou art my *light*.

I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread th' impending shock,
My spirit to her refuge flies;
Thou art my *rock*.

When the accuser flings his darts,
I look to thee ; my terrors cease :
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts ;
Thou art my *peace*.

Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink ;
Thou art my *life*.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall ;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my *all*.

4. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

JUNE 1, 1857.

Oh Sarah, Sarah, will He, can He ever forgive me? I feel dreadfully. I am too wicked to be forgiven. I do not deserve his notice for one single moment. I deserve to die now, and never see his face. I am too wicked to go to heaven. Ten thousand years of good deeds cannot make amends for nearly twelve years of wickedness. What shall I do? May God help me. O Lord, cast me not away in thine anger; hide not thy face from me in thy hot displeasure. Make me thine this hour, this moment, if it be possible to forgive my dreadful sins. Sarah, darling, will he make me love him? The hymn says,

The moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in a crucified God,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through his blood.

O God, make me thine. If I know my heart, I am truly sorry for my sins, and am resolved to turn away from them. Please help me,

and make me love thee. The verse above says, "The moment a sinner believes," his sins are pardoned. Do you think this is true? Do you think mine are forgiven? I can hardly say *yes*, or *no*. I feel better than when I began to write. If they are not now, I hope they will be before you see me next Saturday. He has said, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." True, twelve years is a great while to live in sin; but he will forgive me now. I am not too old yet; am I, darling? Oh, Sarah, that you were here this moment. I hope that I shall remain in this state of mind until I get an answer to these questions; I should rather say, until I become a Christian. Sarah, how can I become a Christian? I cannot be till He makes me. I will do all that I can. If I do all that I can, he will help me to do the rest; will he not? Darling, I will try from this moment. I am in his hands. I dare not say that I am his, but I will try to be. I hope to be able to tell you, when you come here on Saturday, that I hope I love him. I suppose J—— and F—— will sleep together, and you and I, so

we can talk about this. I had a few precious letters from you, and I burnt them up, for fear some one would see them. I am so very sorry now that I did. I will not tear any more of them up. I have a little box that has a lock and key to it, in which I can put them. It has one precious epistle in it now, the last you wrote me. I am going to keep all my private letters from you in there.

We will have such a delightful time if you come. I will learn all my lessons on Friday, and practise two hours, so that I shall not have that to do on Saturday. I am afraid that the letter I spoke of is lonely, and I should like to have a great many companions for it of its own kind. I have a great deal to ask you, and a great deal to tell you, when you come here. I have a great favor to ask of you. You must not say any thing about it though, for it is private. I am not going to tell you what it is till Saturday night, when we are alone. If you and F—— come here Saturday, I guess we will go to "Greenwood." When you come here, I am going on my knees to you to ask pardon for something that I did. J—— wanted to see the

last letter that you wrote me, and I told her that you said not to show it to any one. Then she said you would not care if she saw it, so I let her.

LOTTIE.

“I HOPE THAT I SHALL REMAIN IN THIS
STATE OF MIND.”

In this very interesting letter, you see that Lottie had at last something of that feeling which she had so desired. But you can also see how she clung to it, and watched it, fearing that she should not “remain in that state of mind.” It would seem that she should have thought less about her state of mind, and more about her Saviour. The verse she quoted is true. The sinner has but to believe in Christ, and then she is at once and fully pardoned. “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” Isa. 1:18. “Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.” John 6:37.

5. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO L——.

BROOKLYN, June 6, 1857.

I SIT down to write to you, darling L——, with a feeling of more love than I have ever felt for you. Oh, dear L——, I hardly dare trust myself to say what I am about to say. I hope I love Him a little. He is so sweet and lovely. I don't mean to have you think that I am really a Christian, only that I hope he is beginning to show me his loveliness. Do not get a wrong impression of any thing.

Oh now I think the reason why I love you so much more is, because I want you to seek the Saviour with me. Do let us, L——. They say that those who seek the Redeemer together are bound by a love deeper, Oh how much deeper, than the ties between us are. . . . I cannot find words to express my feelings. Do let us seek the Saviour. I cannot bear to leave you behind. Wednesday evening I

began to feel that I was a sinner, and it increased. O Jesus, please teach me the way.

I do wish to see you so much. I have so many things to say and to show you. I have a little book and a letter that S—— wrote to me, that I think will help you very much. I do not know what I should have done without them, now that I have no sister S—— to talk to. Oh I miss her so much. I have not told mother, nor any one but you, how I feel now. Once I did with great difficulty speak to J——. Oh I do wish I could see S——. Do come here next Sunday, if you can. The hot weather will soon be here, and we shall be away in the country. To-morrow will be our communion Sabbath; the Sabbath after, Mr. H—— preaches to the children. He always does it so well. We had a beautiful sermon the last time, from the text, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." I wish you could have heard it. . . . Good-by. Hoping to see you Saturday, I remain your ever affectionate

LOTTIE.

“I HOPE I LOVE HIM A LITTLE.”

One evidence that Lottie did love her Saviour, was her increased love for this playmate, and her increased desire for her conversion. Yet she would not have her young friend think her “really a Christian.” If she loved Jesus even “a little,” she did not hate him at all. Then her heart had been changed; for the heart unchanged is “enmity against God.” And so, though her love was little, she was “really a Christian.” Love is always “little” in its beginning, as the stream is little at the first; but it grows as it flows on; it widens and deepens; the showers of heaven increase it, the springs of earth enlarge it; and so it grows. Beginnings are always small. A drop begins a river.

“I HAVE NOT TOLD MOTHER.”

My young friend, have you told your mother how you think and feel concerning Jesus? Lottie had a Christian mother whom she dearly loved, and yet she did not tell that mother, who would have been so glad to know her thoughts and feelings. This is a very common error. Go and tell your moth-

er all your heart. It will do you good to make the effort. It may relieve you and strengthen you very much. No one on earth loves you so dearly. No one has prayed for you so much. No one will try so hard to help you. You see in the following note, which Lottie wrote a few days after the above, that she was troubled because she had not spoken to her mother.

6. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

JULY, 1857.

No, dear Sarah, no, not ashamed to own Him ; not that at all. You know that persons sometimes do not feel as free with their parents and near relatives as they do with those who are not related to them. So it is with me. I can speak to J—— a great deal easier than I can to mother. I think I ought to speak to one of them. It is the hardest thing I have ever felt to be my duty ; yet I will try to speak to J——.

SABBATH EVENING.—Oh, Sarah, I wish you could have been at our prayer-meeting yesterday morning. I think it was the best meeting I have attended for a long time. A converted boy, who looked as if he was about fourteen years of age, spoke. It was just as still—you could have heard a pin drop. Since I got your last letter, I have been more troubled about my own soul than I ever was before. I have been striving this morning to obtain pardon for my sins. I have a little book, called “A Pastor’s Manual.” I read it,

and there is a piece called "Knowledge of Pardon, or Witness of the Spirit." There are two things in it that make all the trouble: "If you see your best deeds to be sinful;" and, "If you see Christ in every way perfectly lovely." There is a great deal more trouble with the latter than with the former. I must strive to do every thing to please Christ, and pray unceasingly that he will show me my sinfulness more, and make me love him more.

"TWO THINGS THAT MAKE ALL THE
TROUBLE."

Lottie had been reading a book which troubled her. It was not the Bible. It was a book intended for older Christians. She, a little girl only twelve years old, would not have tried to wear a woman's dress. But she tried to make a book fit her case which was intended not for a child, but for people much older and wiser than herself. Children often make this mistake. But what are the "two things that make all the trouble?" They are thoughts of sin, and thoughts of Christ.

Thoughts of sin. The young Christian will

have such thoughts of her sins as will trouble her. She will feel more and more her guilt, the more she knows her own heart.

Thoughts of Christ. Thoughts of our sins should always lead us to think of Christ—of what he has done and suffered for the pardon and salvation of sinners. The young Christian is often troubled because her thoughts of Christ are not such as she would have them. But does not this very anxiety show that there is love for Jesus in the heart thus troubled? It is with those who feel their unworthiness and their need of Jesus that he loves to dwell. I find these lines in Lottie's scrap-book:

Thy home is with the humble, Lord:
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

Dear Comforter, eternal Love,
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
I'll build a house for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let naught else have it then but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

7. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

MONDAY EVENING, July 13, 1857.

'T IS a beautiful evening. J—— has gone to Tarrytown to-day. I've been trying to do right to-day. Oh, how hard it is! Two or three times I came near giving way to my temper. I hope my sins are partly forgiven; at least some of them. I'm very, very sorry for them, and am resolved to do better.

LOTTIE.

“OH, HOW HARD IT IS TO DO RIGHT.”

Lottie began that 13th day of July, determined that she would resist temptation and be very good. She did not succeed very well. When we make such efforts in our own strength we fail; and such failures should lead us to depend more entirely on the Saviour. He lets us learn how weak we are, that we may turn to him and find how strong he is.

8. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

JULY 21, 1857.—We have had Mr. and Mrs. H——, A——, F——, and W——, a missionary lady and her son here to supper. I had a very pleasant call this morning, when I went to invite the H——s. Mrs. H——, when speaking about B——'s becoming a minister, said she thought mother was very much blessed in her children, having two of them pious. "And perhaps, Lottie, you love the Saviour. There are some people who are very much troubled because they do not know how to come to him. It is the simplest thing in the world. Just yield yourself to him, saying,

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,

'Tis all that I can do.

All the fitness He requireth,

Is to feel your need of Him."

Oh she did talk so sweetly.

"PERHAPS YOU LOVE THE SAVIOUR."

We think she did; but to love him is to be a Christian. Think of it a moment. Jesus loves you more than any one else can.

He has done and suffered more for you than any one else can. And he is infinitely lovely. Take these three facts, and see if each of them does not seem to say you ought to love Jesus. Can you not make the language of this little verse your own?

Jesus, thy boundless love to me

No thought can reach, no tongue declare :
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

“PERHAPS.”

There is some uncertainty about it. Perhaps you do *not* love the Saviour, though you think you do. You should be very careful not to be mistaken, for your everlasting happiness is concerned. Children often think they love Jesus when they are mistaken. They love to hear the story of what he did and suffered while he was on earth; they love to hear about his great goodness, and about his kindness to little children. But they do not think how he hates sin, just such sin as they have in their own hearts. They do not try to please Jesus; they do not feel so sorry for their sins as to try earnestly to be like Jesus; they do not hate their sins

because they are hateful to Jesus ; and so it is evident they do not love him. The heart that does not hate its own sins, has not been changed. “*Perhaps* you do *not* love the Saviour.”

“IT IS THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD.”

What is the simplest thing in the world? Why, this which is necessary to salvation—to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ ; that is, “*to come to Christ.*” When your mother calls you, you know what it is to come to her ; you obey her, trust her, love her. And why not obey and trust and love Jesus? If you were drowning, it would be the simplest thing in the world to trust and lay hold of the hand, or seize the rope extended to you. God tells you that unless you believe, or lay hold upon Christ, you must perish. You believe the physician when you are sick ; that is, you trust yourself with him, and do exactly what he tells you to do. Your soul is diseased ; sin is destroying it. Jesus Christ is the only physician who can cure and save it : believe him, and he will do it. Trust your life in his hands, and do exactly as he tells

you to do. Will you learn this beautiful hymn, if you do not know it already, and repeat it to Jesus? Ask the blessed Spirit to help you to repeat it with sincerity of heart.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt—
With fears within, and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind :
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in *thee* to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down :
Now to be thine, yea, *thine alone*,
O Lamb of God, I come.

9. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, July 25, 1857.—J—— and I went to L—— D——'s to see the sun set. It was beautiful. It seems as if such things made me better. They make me think of heaven, and feel so calm and quiet.

“IT WAS BEAUTIFUL.”

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea.

God has so adorned the world, as if intending that we should see and enjoy the beautiful in earth, sea, and air. Some children do not appear to see how much there is on every side of them to admire. In every insect, in every flower, in every water-drop you may see something to enjoy, something to teach you of the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator. God loves the beautiful, or he would not have made such a world. Children lose a great deal of enjoyment by *not keeping their eyes open*. Lottie lived in the

city where she could not see so many of the beautiful things which God has made as are to be seen everywhere in the country. But she went to L—— D——'s on purpose to see the sun set. And I like her for it. I don't believe that any of us think as much as we should of the beautiful things in nature. Jesus loved the flowers: do you remember what he said about the lilies? "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We ought to *see* more, when God has filled our world so full of beauty.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

"IT SEEMS AS IF SUCH THINGS MADE ME
BETTER."

They ought to make you *better*, and therefore happier. But some who look at and enjoy the beautiful things which God has created, for us, think they are made better when they are not. A beautiful sunset is very likely to make any one, who really enjoys it, "think of heaven and feel calm and quiet;" but this may be *only* a feeling of

natural taste, and which will soon disappear. There may be no religion in it. But I think Lottie enjoyed that sunset as a Christian should; and I think such beautiful things do make those who love the Saviour, better. "They make us think of heaven." We ask, If this world, where sin and sorrow are, is so beautiful, what must heaven be?

Since o'er thy footstool here below

Such radiant gems are thrown,

Oh what magnificence must glow,

Great God, about thy throne!

So brilliant here these drops of light—

There the full ocean rolls, how bright!

The dazzling sun, at noonday hour,

Forth from his flaming vase

Flinging o'er earth his golden shower,

Till vale and mountain blaze,

But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine;

What then the day where thou dost shine?

10. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

SABBATH EVENING, Aug. 2, 1857.—This afternoon was communion at our church. None united. I was so sorry; it would have encouraged Mr. H——. It was very affecting; Mr. H—— always makes it so. Oh, I do want to see Sarah so much.

“THE COMMUNION SEASON VERY AFFECT-
ING.”

What was so affecting? Was it those tender words, “This do in remembrance of me?” They were the words which Jesus spoke to us all just before he was crucified for our sins. The bread and the wine were there, representing the body broken and the blood shed for us. In obedience to the command of Christ, those who had professed their love to him partook of the bread and the wine. They did this in remembrance of their crucified Saviour. By this solemn act they did not profess to believe or trust in themselves

or in their own goodness, but only in Christ. They professed to have no righteousness of their own, but to be sinners, dependent entirely upon the righteousness of Christ. Those who did not partake of the sacrament, whatever were the feelings of their hearts, did by their act publicly declare that they did not love or believe in him. Lottie was among those who were separated from the followers of Christ, and did not partake of the emblems of his death. She felt this separation. She could not help being deeply affected when she saw those who loved Jesus honoring his precious memory, and she felt that she was not obeying his tender and sacred command, "This do in remembrance of me." My dear young friend, do you turn away from Christ at the communion-table? If you do not love him, this is not a sufficient excuse; for you know that you ought to love him and to honor his memory in his appointed way.

Jesus, thy love shall we forget,
And never bring to mind
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find?

Gethsemane, can we forget
Thy struggling agony,
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee, alone on thee :
Thy precious blood the ransom paid,
Thine all the glory be.

Remember thee, and all thy pains
And all thy love for me!
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

11. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

— F — M —, Aug. 10, 1857.

WELL, dear L —, so here I am in the country as well as you. Yesterday evening I came into my room wishing to read and pray, as I like to Sabbath evening. But I soon went out, for I found it was useless to try to be alone when the children were around. One of the little folks is in here now. She is a little darling. I had an opportunity to talk with her last night about being good. She slept with me.

I am reading the History of Marie Antoinette. I would advise you to read it, if you get the chance; also the History of the Empress Josephine.

Mother and I send love to you and your mother. Write a long letter to me next time. Good-by, darling.

SISTER LOTTIE.

“TO BE ALONE.”

Lottie would have been glad to be alone Sabbath evening, to read and pray. But she

could not, for the children followed her. She took the right course. She tried to do them good; and so probably she was more benefited herself, than if she had been left alone. In trying to instruct others, we are instructed ourselves.

Lottie loved to be alone with God. She was not lonely, for she loved God. She selected this poetry for her scrap-book.

ALONE WITH GOD.

Alone with God! day's craven cares
Have crowded onward unawares;
The soul is left to breathe her prayers.

Alone with God! I bare my breast;
Come in, come in, Oh holy Guest,
Give rest, thy rest, of rest the best.

Alone with God! how calm a calm
Steals o'er me, sweet as music's balm
When seraphs sing a seraph's psalm.

Alone with God! no human eye
Is here, with eager looks to pry
Into the meaning of each sigh.

Alone with God! no jealous glare
Now stings me with its torturing stare;
No human malice says, Beware!

Alone with God! from earth's rude crowd,
With jostling steps, with laughter loud,
My better soul I need not shroud.

Alone with God ! he only knows
If sorrow's ocean overflows
The silent spring from whence it rose.

Alone with God ! he mercy lends ;
Life's fainting hope, life's meagre ends,
Life's dwarfing pain he comprehends.

Alone with God ! he feeleth well
The soul's pent life that will o'erwell,
The life-long want no words may tell.

Alone with God ! still nearer bend ;
O tender Father, condescend,
In this my need, to be my friend.

Alone with God, with suppliant mien
Upon thy pitying breast I lean,
Nor less because thou art unseen.

Alone with God, safe in thine arms
O shield me from life's wild alarms,
O save me from life's fearful harms.

Alone with God ! my Father, bless
With thy celestial promises
The soul that needs thy tenderness.

Alone with God ! Oh, sweet to me
This covert to whose shade I flee,
To breathe repose in thee, in thee.

12. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

TUESDAY EVENING, Aug. 25, 1857.

DEAR SARAH—I received your welcome letter this evening, and take the opportunity to answer it thus early, so as to get an answer before you come back. We got home yesterday morning, after an absence of about three weeks. We had a very pleasant time; but after all, there is no place like home. We are all very glad to get back. . . .

I have felt sad sometimes of late, partly because I wanted to see my darling Sarah, and partly because I am not Christ's. Oh, Sarah, I can't tell you how I feel. I want to see you so much. Write on that subject next time, please. If you can't think of any thing to say, I will tell you if it is you that say it, 't will do me more good than to hear it a hundred times over from some other person. Write promises to the penitent, and speak of our separation here—but will we meet in

heaven? Ah, that's the thing. Do write about that, Sarah.

“I HAVE FELT SAD SOMETIMES OF LATE.”

She was sad because she feared she was not Christ's. I do not think she had reason for that fear. But fears come often without reason, and without any proper occasion. The young Christian is very apt to pass readily from hope to fear, and from joy to sadness. And the fear and sadness sometimes do them good by compelling them to cling more closely to Jesus.

13. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, Oct. 17, 1857.—Mr. H—— preached a beautiful sermon this morning from the text, “What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

“A BEAUTIFUL SERMON.”

What would you call a beautiful sermon? One which was finely written? One which contained many beautiful illustrations or interesting anecdotes? This was not Lottie's meaning. The sermon concerning which she wrote was a plain and earnest warning to impenitent sinners, and an exhortation with them concerning their guilt and their danger. It was beautiful to Lottie because it was adapted to promote that which is in itself a glorious thing, that which would thrill the hearts of angels with joy, which would honor Christ—I mean the salvation of dying souls. Is not any sermon in the highest sense beautiful which is calculated to do this?

14. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

OCT. 21, 1857.—F—— G—— says she hopes she loves the Saviour. She is a very sweet child. I love her dearly.

“I LOVE HER DEARLY.”

All through Lottie's journal there are similar expressions of special love for those among her young friends who were Christians. Her ardent attachment to her pastor was likewise often and fervently expressed in her journal. This love for those who loved Christ is evidence that Lottie's heart had been changed. This is what the Bible calls “brotherly love.” Heb. 13:1. If we truly love the Saviour, we have a peculiar affection for those who are like him, for those who show that they love him. “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” 1 John 3:14. Not that we shall love all Christians alike or equally if our hearts are really changed; but if we are truly the children of God, we shall love all true believers because they are like Jesus.

15. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

SABBATH EVENING, NOV. 1, 1857.

I CANNOT, darling, allow my much loved sister's birthday to pass without writing her a note. Father has gone to church, mother is on the lounge, not feeling very well, and J—— is writing a letter, while I write to you. I said in one of my letters to you some time ago that you would soon be fifteen. That time has come, and Oh, Sarah, how I wish it had not. 'Tis true there is no more difference in our ages than there ever was; but fifteen seems a great deal older than twelve. As you grow older, Sarah, and find other companions of your own age, I want you to love me just as much as if I were your own age. O Sarah, dear, how I wish you knew half how much I love you. If you did though, you would say, "Lottie, I'm afraid you don't love Jesus enough." You would say the truth; I do not. I have been afraid sometimes that God would take away some

of my friends because I loved them better than I loved him. But "He is plenteous in mercy, and slow to anger." But I cannot help loving one who has done me so much good. You will have your reward most assuredly. I sometimes think of "old times," when we lived so near to each other, and wish those happy days were back again. I remember one afternoon when G—— and I had a little trouble about something, and we both got a little angry, you took me up to your room, and asked our heavenly Father's pardon. 'Tis always so pleasant to think of it. Sarah, how I wish I was certain we should meet in heaven. I have often dedicated myself to Him, and asked him to make me love him; and then something would come up immediately to irritate me, and would unfit me for any thing of the kind. I hope I shall soon be able to tell you that we are sisters in the truest and best sense of the word, sisters in Christ. I have no present for you, Sarah, but a heart full of love; and hoping you have had a happy birthday, I will bid you good-night.

SISTER LOTTIE.

“DO I LOVE MY FRIENDS TOO MUCH?

Did she love Sarah, did she love her friends too much? God does not wish us to love others less, that we may love him more. The Father in heaven delights to see his children love one another. It is the special, “new commandment” of the gospel, that we love one another. Lottie loved Sarah because of her Christian faithfulness. This was a good sign. The heart can love God all the more for loving his creatures, and it can love his creatures all the more for loving God. If our friendships are such as to draw us away from God—if they lead us to forget God, then they are wrong, and we are wrong. We must make God our dependence and our joy, and then there is no need of fear that we shall love any of his creatures too well.

The young are apt to expect too much from their friendships. David said, “My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.” Psa. 62:5. It is a grand thing for us to learn to *love men as sinners*, not expecting to find any one of them an angel; not resting our happiness upon

any one of them, but upon God. This would save us much disappointment. All of us are imperfect, all of us are sinners; yet God loves us. Don't cast off your friends when you begin to find that they are sinners, but try to do them good; and so they will love you more, and you will love them more. You see how closely Lottie and Sarah were bound together. There are no friendships so enduring as those which are the fruit of efforts to do good to one another.

Art thou not thy brother's keeper?
Canst thou not his soul obtain?
He that wakes his brother sleeper,
Double light himself shall gain.

Ah, how many may be given
To that during, fiery lake,
Who had found a place in heaven
Hadst thou toiled for Jesus' sake.

16. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

SUNDAY, Nov. 8, 1857.—I have just been to meeting; it was very interesting indeed. I do hope we shall have a revival in our church.

“AN INTERESTING MEETING.”

Here are two more evidences that Lottie's heart had been changed.

She was deeply interested in the meetings of the church. She was not inattentive and careless, as too many are in such places, but could say, “It was very interesting indeed.” Her heart was in sympathy with what she heard.

She also longed for a revival; that is, she desired that sinners might be converted. She loved the souls of men, and this was like Christ. If we love the Saviour, then we shall, like Lottie, be anxious to have others love him too.

17. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

HOME, MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 1, 1857.

DEAR SARAH—Mother and J—— have gone to Mrs. S——'s to sew for the Industrial school. Father and B—— are in N. Y.; S—— and M——, the girl and I have been at home alone all the evening. I have learned my lessons, read my Bible, and now feel more like thinking than doing any thing else. I thought I would write a letter to my long neglected but not forgotten sister. Nearly four years have passed away since we sat at the same table, a bright, happy New-year's morning. It makes me feel sad to think how quickly the years are flying. I think it is enough to make any one feel sad. But there is a pleasure in some kinds of sadness—a calm, quiet feeling sometimes steals over me, and I find my heart raised to heaven. I sometimes love to think of Jesus. O that I always did. I have sometimes thought I was a Christian; but again my heart would be-

come hardened before I knew it, and I would be discouraged and say it was of no use to try.

But now I can't do so, for I have promised Mr. H—— I would try to be a Christian; and yielding to discouragement would be breaking my promise. The night I promised him so, I had such a pleasant talk with him. He did talk so sweetly to me about giving my heart to Christ. I have tried to, but I am not happy; but I am going to try again. Oh, is n't it very hard to do right? Perhaps I tell you too much of my feelings; but it always makes me feel better to have a good talk with you, or to write to you. You know some things about me which no one else except God knows. Good-night, dear sister.

From your own

LOTTIE.

“I SOMETIMES LOVE TO THINK OF JESUS.”

How could Lottie love to think of Jesus sometimes, and wish that she always loved to think of him, if the love of Jesus were not in her heart? Think of it a moment. Sometimes perhaps the thoughts of Jesus and of heaven fill your heart, and you feel sure that

you love him. Then those pleasant thoughts leave you for a time. Has the love of Jesus left you? There are days when the sun shines steadily from dawn till evening; but there are other days when the sunlight only now and then breaks through the clouds. On such days do you believe that the sun is really shining only when his beams for a moment pierce the clouds? No; but because "sometimes" the light breaks through, therefore you believe that the sun is *all the time* shining. Jesus does not expect you to think of him all the time—to think only of him. This is impossible. If you "sometimes" love to think of him, if you long to have such thoughts continue with you, then it must be that you love him, that your heart has been changed; for the heart unchanged *never* loves to think of Jesus.

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh abide with me!

Not a brief glance I ask—a passing word;
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but to *abide* with me.

18. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

THURSDAY EVENING, Dec. 3, 1857.—To-day is fast-day in our church. I could not go to church this morning, and I did not go this afternoon. I have been this evening, and I thank God for it. We had a very pleasant meeting indeed. As we were coming out of the lecture-room, I happened to be the last one except Mr. H——. He put his hand on my shoulder, and asked me how I was. He said, "Are you going to get any good out of this day, Lottie?" I said, I hoped so. He asked me if I loved to pray, if I loved to read the Bible, and if I sometimes felt as if I loved Jesus. Oh if I could have said Yes to them all! I could to the first.

"I COULD SAY YES TO THE FIRST."

If Lottie could truly say Yes to that first question, then she might have said Yes to the two others also. No one loves to pray who does not love Jesus. Do you like to commune with any one you do not love, and tell

her all about your heart? Prayer is communing with Jesus; it is opening our heart to him. So if Lottie loved to pray, she must have loved Jesus. And if she loved to pray and loved Jesus, she must have loved the Bible too, because it tells of Jesus. It tells us what he has done for us, and what he would have us do for him; and besides this, it is full of precious promises and encouragements to prayer. Do you not see that those three questions which Mr. H—— put to Lottie belong together? No one loves prayer without loving the Bible and Jesus; and no one loves the Bible without loving Jesus and prayer; and no one loves Jesus without loving the Bible and prayer.

19. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

SUNDAY EVENING, Dec. 6, 1857.—We had an excellent sermon this morning. This afternoon was communion. No one united by profession; several did by letter. This morning, at the close of his sermon, Mr. H—— said, “There are some who will not be with us at the table this afternoon. God forbid that I should speak it reproachfully. I hope they will be at our next communion season. Christ died for *you*; he died for you.” Then he went on exhorting sinners to come to Christ. Oh he is a dear, blessed man. I’m afraid I love him too much. I hardly dare say that I hope I have found the Saviour. I have been trying since that blessed Thursday night. I have prayed and I have striven, and I hope I can say,

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee.

Lord, help me to serve thee, and let me not be deceived.

“I HARDLY DARE SAY THAT I HOPE I HAVE FOUND THE SAVIOUR.”

This is a very common feeling with young Christians. It seems at first too good to be believed, that one has really found Christ; and so there is often much hesitancy and self-suspicion among those who are really Christians. “I have prayed and I have striven, and I hope I can say,

“Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;

but I cannot go farther; I dare not say that I am really a Christian; that would be saying so much.” And yet Lottie said it all in uttering those two lines of the hymn. Often young Christians feel such a willingness to take up the cross and follow Jesus, or such a desire to serve him, some time before daring to say, “I hope that I have found the Saviour.” But whoever is willing to serve Christ, will try to serve him; and whoever, in love to him, tries to serve him, is a Christian.

“LORD, HELP ME TO SERVE THEE.”

This is peculiarly the prayer of the heart that has been truly changed. I desire to obey thee, to do as thou would'st have me do; I would submit to thy will; but I can do nothing without thy help. It is always an encouraging sign to see one feeling and praying thus. Paul said, “When I am weak, then am I strong.” When I feel that I cannot trust my own strength, then I lean on God's arm, and am truly strong. Every Christian would do well to take Paul's words as his motto.

'Tis God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

“LET ME NOT BE DECEIVED.”

There is great danger of being deceived, for “the heart is deceitful above all things.” You may have certain feelings, certain joys, which you will think are evidences that you are a Christian; and you may *trust in them*, and think all the while that you are trusting

in Christ. Many are thus deceived. But Lottie's fear of self-deception showed that she was not deceived. Such fear every true Christian will have ; and such fear the self-deceived do not have.

Trembling, Lord, I would believe ;
Let me not myself deceive.

20. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

MONDAY, Dec. 7, 1857.—I have just returned from Monthly Concert in our church. The meeting was very pleasant to me. Every thing is more pleasant since I have given myself to Christ.

“EVERY THING IS MORE PLEASANT SINCE I
GAVE MYSELF TO CHRIST.”

These are beautiful words, and as true as beautiful. They make one think of what Paul said: “If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.” 2 Cor. 5:17. When the heart does not love Christ, it is restless and dark, and this makes all things seem dark and unsatisfying. But when the heart is changed, we look, as it were, with different eyes upon every thing. The new light God has wrought in us shines upon and beautifies all around us.

Everywhere the light and shade •
By the gazer's eye is made ;
In ourselves the sunshine dwells,
From ourselves the music swells.

This is the first distinct confession which Lottie gave, either in her journal or in her letters, that she believed herself to be a Christian. But we cannot doubt that some time before writing this she had truly loved the Saviour, though she "hardly dared to say so." We shall find that her hope was not yet strong.

21. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

FRIDAY NIGHT, Dec. 10, 1857.—I feel very badly to-night; I am afraid I have wandered from God again. Oh dear, it seems as if it was no use for me to try to be a Christian any more. I have done so two or three times before.

“I FEEL VERY BADLY TO-NIGHT.”

This was not strange: it is no uncommon thing for a Christian to feel very badly for a time. I think David felt very badly when he wrote the forty-second psalm. Job felt badly when he said, “To-day is my complaint bitter: my stroke is heavier than my groaning. Oh that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to his seat!” Job 23:2, 3. The young Christian is apt to have more or less of such feelings. The first brightness and joyousness are often soon followed by gloom. But this gloom may be very useful, and even while it lasts there may be much growth in grace.

You have looked upon the orchards in the spring-time, when all the dark rough branches were hidden with the profusion of bright and beautiful blossoms; but in a few days all this glory faded and fell, so that again you could see only the black and rough branches, which looked the more ugly and unpromising because they had just lost such brilliant blossoms. Yet you knew *the fruit was growing*, though it made no show like the flowers. It is so with the Christian life. The first feelings of joy and hope are the blossoms: the trust in God and the purpose to serve him are the fruit. And when these blossoms of the heart fall, we may see all the more distinctly that within our hearts which is dark and unsightly. Still the fruit is there and is growing: our trust in God and our spirit of obedience remain and increase.

22. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

MONDAY, Jan. 4, 1858.

YESTERDAY B—— said that two of Mrs. S——'s children were going to join the church next Sabbath. To-day I asked G—— if her sister was not one of them. She said, "Yes." Then I asked her who the other was. She did not like to say at first, but she told me after a while that it was she. She is a real nice girl. I love her more now than I ever did before. I wish I was a Christian. I have resolved over and over again to serve God, and asked him to help me, but I would wander from him again. It really seems as if it was no use to try any more to be a Christian. Oh how I do wish I could see Mr. H—— or S——, and ask them what to do. I can't talk to M—— or J——; I can't tell them my feelings as I can S—— or Mrs. H——. I wish I knew Mr. H—— better, and that he knew me better. We shall know each other when we get to heaven, any way,

if I can only get there. I am almost afraid I never shall. No ; I wont say that. *I will* be a Christian. O my Father, help me.

“I WISH I WAS A CHRISTIAN.”

How easy it is to say that, and how many say it without really meaning it. I think that Lottie was a Christian, but she was not such a Christian as she desired to be. But what was it that she was wishing? Perhaps she wanted to have her heart seem better to her. But the more holy a Christian becomes, the more does he see and feel his own guilt and unworthiness, and the more does he distrust and hate his own heart. Perhaps Lottie was desiring some such evidence of her piety as she could not reasonably expect—some evidence that would relieve her entirely of doubts and fears. If such evidence had been given her, it might have been an injury to her. It might have made her confident and careless, secure and proud, when it was necessary that she should be doubtful and watchful, fearful and humble. But I think we shall find the secret of her trouble presently.

“I HAVE RESOLVED OVER AND OVER AGAIN.”

Here it is; this is the secret of her trouble. She had trusted too much in her own resolutions. Oh how common a mistake this is. How many try to make a good resolution their *saviour*, as if it could serve them instead of Christ. When young people try to become Christians, they generally begin with this mistake. They try to make themselves better. They form good resolutions, and then trust in them instead of trusting in Jesus Christ. The Bible does not tell us to believe in our strength or in our resolutions, but, “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Young Christians often have trouble with their good resolutions. They have too much self-confidence, and God would cure them of it; so he lets them discover how weak their resolutions are. He lets them suffer something of darkness and discouragement as the consequence of their self-dependence, that so they may learn to depend only on Him.

“IT SEEMS AS IF IT WAS OF NO USE TO
TRY.”

It is of no use to try as many do. To try to make one's self better; to try to save one's self; to try to be a saint without being willing to strive and pray and wait for it; to try to learn a book without studying it one page at a time—this is of no use. There is a great deal of trying which is in vain. Trust and love Christ, instead of trying to make yourself a Christian. Leave *your salvation with him*, and try, not to save yourself, but to serve Him. Lottie has this gem in her scrap-book:

EXCELLENCY OF CHRIST.

He is a path, if any be misled;

He is a robe, if any naked be;

If any chance to hunger, he is bread;

If any be a bondman, he is free;

If any be but weak, how strong is he!

To dead men life he is, to sick men health;

To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth;

A pleasure without loss, a treasure without stealth.

“HOW I DO WISH I COULD SEE MR. H——.”

Lottie did not need to see Mr. H—— nor Sarah, but only Jesus Christ. When young

Christians are in doubt or trouble, they are very apt at first to look everywhere but to the right place for relief. They look into their own hearts, and when discouraged there they think of their pastor or of some Christian friend, as did Lottie ; but how much better to go straight to Jesus. Your pastor will be glad to see you, and will be kind to you ; but Jesus will be gladder and kinder if you will go directly to him.

There is no majesty in Him
Which love may not come near.

The light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim ;
And he comes near to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.

Let us be simple with him then,
Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.

23. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

FRIDAY EVENING, Feb. 19, 1858.

MY DARLING SISTER SARAH : J—— is writing to you, and I thought I would write you a few lines. Oh, Sarah, I do want to see you so much. I feel just like having a nice quiet talk with you—we have not had one in so long. When I wrote to you last, I said that I had not told any one that I thought I was a Christian. I have since told mother and father. Mr. B—— asked me one night, so I had to tell him ; but I did not wish to. Mrs. H—— found it out somehow, and spoke to me one night when we were coming out of meeting. She spoke so sweetly. She and Mr. H—— are so lovely. I sometimes feel afraid that I love them too much ; but now I think that I love Jesus better.

It is a sad trial to you, dear Sarah, to lose Tommy, but he is much better off than he would be here. There is something more to make heaven dear to you. Another little brother is an angel now. Mother, Maria, Henry, and Tommy, are holy names to you. I have only lost one, and that one when I

was not old enough to feel it. I am not thankful enough, not near thankful enough for my blessings. I hope Tommy's death may do me good, as well as the rest of you. I wish that it might make me more thankful that I am not so bereaved. I deserve it more than you do. Good-night, darling. Accept this short note from your affectionate sister

LOTTIE.

Mother just said that Mr. H——'s three daughters are going to join the church the next Sabbath that we have communion. I want to, but I am afraid that father and mother will think it too soon. By the next communion season it will be about three months since I have been happy in thinking that I was a Christian.

"I THOUGHT I WAS A CHRISTIAN."

We have come now to a new period in the life of Lottie. The question of her love to Christ, which had so long and so deeply troubled her spirit, is comparatively settled. She had had a long period of doubt and fear, and through all its darkness there had occasionally glanced and glimmered some starlight

beams of hope ; but now she has passed safe through the twilight days, and it is morning : the Sun of righteousness has arisen in His fulness upon her young life, and the soft dews of heavenly joy glisten fresh and beautiful all along her path.

Her dear Sarah had often comforted her. Now Sarah has lost her infant brother, and it is Lottie's turn to comfort Sarah.

“FATHER AND MOTHER WILL THINK IT TOO SOON.”

“I want to, but I am afraid father and mother will think it too soon.” Why did not Lottie speak to them at once about it? I think she might have spoken to them. But some will ask, “Why did not Lottie's parents speak to her about it? they were Christians, and they knew that she thought herself a Christian ; why then did they not ask her if she wanted to unite with the church?” Lottie's father and mother probably judged that it would be better for Lottie's mind to be left alone for a time to work upon that subject ; and better for her to make the effort to speak first to them concerning it. They were probably wise and kind in this.

24. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO A LITTLE CLASS-MATE.

HOME, TUESDAY EVENING, March 3, 1858.

DEAR MINNIE—I am very glad to hear that you think you are a Christian. I had thought so, for some time before I told any one, of myself. I mean I had thought I was a Christian. I did not know that you thought you were till this afternoon. I knew you were serious, and I have prayed for you very often. Let us be free, and tell each other our feelings without restraint.

I don't see S—— W—— very often, and I have not any one here in Brooklyn that I can talk to, and tell all my feelings. We have never been as free with each other as I wish we had. Don't you love Miss N——* dearly? I do love her dearly. I hope we shall be a help to each other, now that we have both entered upon a new path in life.

From your affectionate friend,

LOTTIE.

* Their Sabbath-school teacher.

“A NEW PATH IN LIFE.”

It was a “new” path. Its direction was different from that in which they once walked. They were under new guidance. Jesus was their shepherd: they had listened to his voice, and were following him. The old path was easy, for it led *downward*; the new one was difficult, because it led *upward*. But the old was fuller of perils than the new one was of difficulties. The old path would have ended in hell, and the new one ends in heaven. To walk a *safe* path is better than to walk one that is only *easy*.

25. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO A CLASS-MATE IN THE PACKER INSTITUTE.

MARCH 5, 1858.

DEAR MARY—I wish I could see you to-night instead of writing to you; but as that is out of the question, I will write. To-day you thought I would think it impolite in you to ask that question you wrote on a piece of paper in the chapel. I did not, but was very glad to have you ask me.

I wish you would give your heart to the Saviour, Mary; you will be so much happier. Think of what he has done for you and me and every one; and what he requires of us is nothing to what he has done for us. He died on the cross, endured reproach and contempt, did every thing, that sinners who crucified him and took his precious blood might live. What love! Who else would do it for us? All we have to do to inherit eternal life is to love and serve the Saviour. Do give your heart to him. You do not know that you will live another day or an hour. But if

you love the Saviour, nothing can harm you. Good-night, dear Mary. Think of what I have said.

From your loving friend,

LOTTIE.

“I WISH YOU WOULD GIVE YOUR HEART TO
THE SAVIOUR.”

When Lottie had really begun to hope in Christ, her heart seemed to be full of desire for the conversion of her young friends. She wrote them little notes; she sent them books; she talked with them, and prayed for them.

How much good may be accomplished by such a letter as this, written in dependence upon God, and accompanied with prayer. The child to whom it was addressed found hope in Christ; and so the two friends were bound more closely together than ever before.

26. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO A CLASS-MATE.

FRIDAY EVENING, March 12, 1858.

DEAR MARY—I have just come from prayer-meeting. It was such a blessed one. Mr. H—— has got back. After meeting was out, everybody began to flock around him to speak to him. Mother and I had a nice long talk with him. He is so good.

SATURDAY EVENING.—I have been to a Union prayer-meeting in the Pierrepont-street Baptist church this afternoon. It was just as full as it could hold. Every seat was taken, and they brought in benches; and after that a great many were obliged to stand up. Mr. H—— was there. He prayed. Oh, Mary, I wish you had been there, and at meeting last night. I wish you could hear Mr. H—— some time. His sermons are beautiful. I said in one of my notes I knew you would be a Christian, and that you must not say "if." I said so, for I believed it; and I believe it now. I know it. "And it shall come to pass,

that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." Isa. 65:24.

I should like to know your cousin S. T——. How old is she? I enclose a little book, part of which I should like to have you read. It has been a great help to me. If you look in the index, you will find the parts marked I wish you to read. Please return it as soon as you have finished it.

Your affectionate friend,

LOTTIE.

"YOU MUST NOT SAY 'IF.'"

That was good advice. It will not do to say "*if*" to God. He will not permit us to make conditions with him. We must come to him without any of those "ifs" which our plans, or our prejudices, or our tastes might suggest. "If Thou wilt suffer me first to indulge in pleasure a little while, then I will love and serve thee." Your soul is of too much consequence to be balanced on an "*if*." He would have you heartily say, "*I will arise and go to my Father;*" and he will meet you, even while yet a great way off.

27. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO A CLASS-MATE.

DARLING MARY—I do love you so much. I love you a great deal more than I did before you were converted. 'Tis so pleasant to think that we are sisters, and Jesus our Elder Brother. Our dear heavenly Father has been very kind to us. He is now giving us our first great trial, to see if we will be patient and bear it, feeling that it cometh from him and is all for the best.

Affectionately,

LOTTIE.

SISTERS IN CHRIST.

Lottie had reason to hope that her prayers and efforts had been blessed to the conversion of her friend. This filled her heart with joy and with love. It often appears in her letters and journal, that Lottie's heart was peculiarly tender towards all of her friends who loved the Saviour. She clung to them. She wrote often to them. She felt that they

were her sisters, and she delighted to call them so. If we love God, we rejoice when a soul turns to him. We have a *family* feeling towards the children of God our Father. This is the beautiful idea of the church—it is one family in Christ Jesus.

28. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL, IN THE REVIVAL OF 1858.

WEDNESDAY, March 17, 1858.—I never heard of such a time as there is now. Everybody is getting converted. To-day S. S—— told me she was, last night. She has been so good all day long, that I should not know what to make of it, if I did not know *that*. There are several girls in our room who have been converted lately: L. I——, J. F——, M. B——, G. B——, H. H——, and S. S——; I myself making the seventh. Several others are serious. We are going to have a prayer-meeting to-morrow morning. I think it will be very pleasant. L. M—— will lead. This afternoon I walked home with Miss B——. I have just come from meeting. Mr. H—— lectured. The text was Gen. 6:3: "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

THURSDAY, 18.—I went to our little meeting at school this morning. There were twenty-four present. Yesterday there were

only ten. M. S—— led the meeting. Miss S——, Miss C——, F. A——, and A. W——, prayed. It was a great effort for them to do it—all but Miss S——. She seemed to do it very easily. F. A—— is a very sweet girl. This afternoon I went to the prayer-meeting in the Baptist church.

“IT WAS A GREAT EFFORT FOR THEM.”

Such prayer-meetings for young ladies are often very useful, and this is true in great measure because “it is a great effort for them.” What costs us great effort is of high value. The muscles of your arm cannot be strengthened without exertion. When you task those muscles you develop and strengthen them. So is it with Christian character. Its graces are increased by that which costs effort. It is easy for a little girl to say, “I cannot take part in such a meeting;” but that is not true. “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,” is the proper language for the Christian. Lottie says, “Miss S—— seemed to do it very easily.” It is far less difficult for some than for others to take part in a prayer-meeting. But really the

discharge of this duty is of the most service, not to those for whom it is easiest, but to those for whom it is hardest. Will you remember this when you find yourself disposed to make excuses, or to turn aside from the path of duty because it seems difficult and painful.

The next letter shows how Lottie was drawn towards those who loved Christ, and how frankly and freely she opened her heart to them. In so doing, she aided and strengthened both herself and them. Young Christians would do well to imitate her example in this. They are too apt to hide their thoughts and feelings from one another. The Father loves to have his dear children help one another.

29. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO A YOUNG CONVERT.

HOME, SATURDAY EVENING, April 3, 1858.

MY DEAR MINNIE—I feel like thinking about Christ to-night ; and as we cannot talk about him, I thought I would write.

I have not told you about my feelings as I wish to. Before I hoped that I was a Christian, I had been thinking about it a great while. Last December, the Thursday before communion was appointed as a day for fasting and prayer. In the evening, I went to meeting. Coming out, I happened to be the last except Mr. H——. We walked along together. He put his arm around me, and talked to me about giving my heart to Christ ; said that he had been talking to his little folks to-day : “I want them to begin now ; I want you to begin, and help them along.” I answered, “Yes.” I was very unhappy for a good while. I could find no peace anywhere. About the middle of January, I found peace in the Saviour. I did not tell

any one of it, till about three weeks afterwards. I was afraid I might have been deceived, and I wanted to wait a little while and see. It is now five minutes of nine o'clock, and with a great deal of love, I must bid my Minnie good-night.

Affectionately,

LOTTIE.

“THINKING ABOUT CHRIST.”

Lottie began this letter by saying, “I feel like thinking about Christ to-night.” She could not do better. We think too much about ourselves, about our friends, about the world, and not enough about Christ. Think about your sins chiefly, and you will be discouraged and hopeless. Think about your Saviour chiefly, and you will not only be comforted in hope, but your desire to be like him will be more and more increased. “Looking unto Jesus,” is a beautiful motto for the Christian.

We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation,

Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace ;
Not life nor death, with all their agitation,

Can thence remove us if we see his face.

We would see Jesus, this is all we're needing ;

Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight.

30. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO L——.

April 18, 1858.

DEAR L———Do you still think that you are a Christian? and have you told your mother? I would, if I were you. I wish I could see you, so that we could have a nice long talk together. You remember in one of my letters, I told you that M. R——, and Mrs. W——'s niece, who lives on the next block and is in our class in Sabbath-school, arose to be prayed for in a meeting in the Baptist church. She is hoping she is a Christian. There are about half of the girls in our room at school converted. A. H—— hopes that she has given her heart to Christ. . . . I went to see Mr. H—— about three weeks ago. He talks so beautifully. I suppose you have heard that he is going to D——. I wish he was not going.

From your affectionate friend and sister,
LOTTIE.

“HAVE YOU TOLD YOUR MOTHER?”

You remember that Lottie hesitated for some time about telling her mother that she had a hope in Christ. When, however, she overcame this hesitation and spoke to her mother, she regretted not having done so sooner. Hence her earnestness in urging L—— to open her heart to her mother. Lottie's advice to L—— is good for every child in like circumstances.

31. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

SABBATH EVENING, April 25, 1858.—We have had our last words from dear Mr. H——. Oh it seems as if I could not have him go away. It is my first great trial. He led the meeting. Oh how can I be separated from him! Jesus, give me strength to bear it. Coming out of meeting, J—— and I met Mr. H——. He went outside of the door with me, and gave a few words of counsel. They are the last; yes, the last we shall ever hear from his lips, most likely. God bless him, and grant that we may meet him in heaven.

“I COULD NOT HAVE HIM GO AWAY.”

Lottie was about to lose her beloved pastor. We have seen all along, both in her journal and in her letters, that she loved him very dearly. She clung to him for counsel, and treasured very carefully his words, keeping notes of his sermons in a book which she procured for the purpose. She had reason

to love her pastor, for he had been faithful to her, and he was every way worthy of her love. Would that each little girl might come nearer to her pastor's heart. Do not be afraid of him; he loves you, and will welcome your confidence, and strive to do you good. The removal of her pastor from her was, she says, her "first great trial." I do not know how it was in her case, but there are those who expect too much of their minister, and lean upon him too much. I would urge you to love him whom God has appointed your spiritual teacher, but at the same time to remember that Jesus Christ will bear with you, and sympathize with you and aid you as no pastor can.

32. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO MINNIE.

DEAR MINNIE—I have not written to you for a long time, and I take this opportunity to answer your letter. I was at Mrs. H——'s yesterday. I am now going to tell you the best news of all. A few days ago I wrote to A—— R——. I spoke about my hope that I was a Christian, and asked her if she thought she was. I got a beautiful letter from her last night. She says that she has been hoping she was for some time. I was so glad. They have a little girls' prayer-meeting every Friday afternoon. She says she wishes I could be at them, they are so pleasant. I think I will go with you to prayer-meeting on Saturday. I will go as often as I can. I love to go, but can't very often. I must come to see you again soon and have another nice talk, like the one we had yesterday, or day before, rather. I must now bid you good-by.

I am your ever affectionate friend,

LOTTIE.

“CAN'T YOU WRITE A LETTER?”

I do not know who A—— R—— was, but I am sure the letter referred to must have done her good. You see how often Lottie wrote such letters to her friends, urging upon them the one great interest of religion. Perhaps you think you cannot speak to your friend; but can you not write a letter urging that friend to come to Christ? You do not know how much good such a letter would do. It might turn the balanced scale, and be the occasion of joy and gratitude to all eternity. Suppose you try the experiment. Pray about it. Write your letter to your friend, and ask God to bless it.

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
Waiting its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be;
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

33. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO MINNIE.

DEAR MINNIE—A little occurrence just now made me look back to the time when I first thought I was a Christian; and I must write a few words, if no more, to you about it. We are reviewing in arithmetic. I opened my book to see where the lesson was, and it is in the same place that it was at that time last winter. It took me right back, and I was thinking how much happier I was then than I am now. Are you not so? Does it not seem as if you felt happier then? Dear Minnie, it makes me feel very badly. It makes me think of our dear pastor, or late pastor rather, and how I felt the first communion Sabbath after I had been "born again." Oh, how different then from now! That very Sabbath evening, after prayer-meeting was over, dear Mrs. H—— spoke to me so sweetly about my new hope. And then when I was going to bed, I heard father say

that Mr. H—— had officiated at his last communion season in our church. Oh, I can't talk about it. You can imagine my feelings better than I can describe them. Will you not pray for me to-night, Minnie, and always pray for me? But now, Oh that Jesus would make me happy again, and more so than I was before, and make me better.

I am, as ever, your affectionate

LOTTIE.

“OH TO BE HAPPY AGAIN!”

Something occurred to cause Lottie to look back at the past, and to contrast it with the present. She longed for the happiness she had once experienced. Many young Christians make a mistake of this kind. They desire and seek the repetition and continuance of past experiences, when they should be acting upon Paul's motto: “Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Very often have I found young Christians and old seeking certain experiences—seeking after

happiness or hope, when they should have been seeking Jesus Christ. If they would know and serve him more perfectly, all other needed things would be added unto them. Happiness was not Lottie's real need, but rather *Christ*.

34. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO HER LATE PASTOR.

SATURDAY, May 22, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. H———As you are not where I can see you, I must talk to you in some way, and therefore hope you will excuse me for writing to you. One day when I went to see you in your study, you asked me if I had “had any trials yet.” What I had before then were nothing to the great one experienced since. At first I could not see why those whom I loved next to my own family should be taken away from me. Perhaps one reason was because I was not thankful enough for the blessing of such a pastor, for it was very seldom I thanked God for it. I never had such a trial before. A sister of mine died once; but that was nine years ago the first of March. I was not quite four then, and of course was too young to feel it.

I can never thank you enough, dear Mr. H——, for all you have done for me. One evening coming out of meeting, you spoke to

me, and asked me if I would not "try to be a Christian." I promised to do so. I could find no peace anywhere for a long time; and one Sabbath you preached from the text, "Follow me." I tried to follow Jesus, and he helped me. The night when you spoke to me you said, "The Lord will help you;" and he did indeed.

That text is to me the most precious in the whole Bible. It is very hard to do right; and I want some one to go to, as I should to you if I could, to guide and lead me. I cannot go by myself. When I am in trouble I go to the Bible. I never know in what part of it to look. I would like to have you tell me some places, if you please. If you have time, I would like very much to receive an answer to this note. Please do write to me if you can. Love to Mrs. H——, A——, and F——, and accepting a great deal for yourself, believe me,

Your little friend

LOTTIE.

"THE MOST PRECIOUS TEXT IN THE BIBLE."

"FOLLOW ME;" these are indeed simple and beautiful words. I do not wonder that

Lottie loved them so. Christ is a true Leader. He does not say, “Go,” but, “FOLLOW ME.” He himself has trod the path in which he invites us to walk. He has struggled with temptation; he has endured the scoffs and insults of men; he has suffered; he has died. And now to us, exposed to temptation and trial and suffering and death, he says, “Follow me.” To follow Christ is to trust and obey him. It is to give up guiding ourselves or following our own will, that we may listen to his voice as it speaks to us in the Gospel. To follow Christ is to pursue that path which leads directly to heaven, that we may be with him where he is. These two words, “Follow me,” comprehend the whole duty and privilege of the Christian life. They mean far more than you would at first suppose. However rapidly you may press forward in this heavenly path, you will ever see Jesus before and beyond you, inviting you still onward and upward with his one simple message, “Follow me.”

Earlier in her history, perhaps Lottie would have said that this other text is the most precious in the whole Bible: “Come

unto me." But now that she has heard and obeyed the first message, her soul is full of the second. I find in her scrap-book these lines upon her favorite text.

"FOLLOW ME."

A voice is ringing sweet and clear,
Gentle and low upon my ear;
The form or face I cannot see,
The words I hear are, "Follow me."
Oh, follow Him, and cease to stray
In sin's delusive, dangerous way;
No burdens need you bear, for He
Says, "Cast your burdens upon me."
But hold, the cross is mine to bear.
Yes, if thou would'st the glory share.
Hear Him: "If thou would'st worthy be,
Take up thy cross and follow me."
Then take thy cross, where'er it lie,
The strength you need He will supply;
The paths alone his feet have trod
Will lead you to the throne of God.

WHERE TO LOOK IN THE BIBLE.

When Lottie was in trouble or felt the need of guidance, she went to the Bible. This was right. But the Bible is a large book, and some portions of it are better for to-day's wants than other portions. To-morrow perhaps some different passages will be more

appropriate. Familiarity with the Bible will show that all of it is far richer and more precious than we at first supposed. Read it every day regularly, and you will in time become so familiar with it that you will know where to look for what you need. For want of such familiarity with the Bible, many Christians suffer much. There are three ways of reading which all should practise.

Read in regular course, for the sake of becoming acquainted with the whole Bible.

Read some portion very carefully and studiously, seeking help, if needed, from some commentary, or from some friend.

Read a very few verses devotionally, or simply to enjoy and profit by them, and to think of them during the day. You will know better and better where to select these last, the longer you practise the first two methods of reading.

The next letter is truly a most touching and remarkable one for a young girl but thirteen years old. She little dreamed when she wrote it how near she was to the happiness of which she speaks.

35. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO L——.

TUESDAY, June 2, 1858.

MY DEAR SISTER L———I am very much obliged to you for that nice long letter. That is just the kind I like. I forgot to tell you last Saturday that mother got a letter from Mrs. R—— a short time ago, in which she said that A—— was not well. Dear A——, if God in his providence should be pleased to take her away, I trust she is prepared for it. I received a sweet letter from her a little more than a month ago. You said in your letter that your father thought it was wrong for persons who loved God and hated sin to think they were not Christians. But sometimes I act so wickedly and feel so wickedly, it seems as if I did not love God, or hate sin enough. Oh, our hearts are so wicked and deceitful. Nobody in the world thinks I am as bad as I am. Even I myself do not know my heart as God does; and think how vile I, and every one who is just the same, must seem to Him who could not sin. Wonderful

love and mercy, that would induce one to die for us. When I think of all my own sinfulness, of the inward depravity of my soul, it seems impossible for any one to love me; and that One in whose sight I am more wicked than in my own should do it, nothing can surpass it. I wonder how I could ever have grieved him or hated him as I have; for the Bible says that those who do not love Jesus, hate him.

You asked me to read the sixth chapter of St. John. I have done so. It was indeed a wonderful miracle. The whole of the chapter is very interesting. Two texts from which Mr. H—— has preached are in it. The twenty-ninth verse and the last part of the thirty-seventh, which says, “Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” Are they not precious words?

On Sunday mother asked me if you thought you were a Christian. You of course know what I told her. You spoke of our treasures in heaven. First, an eternal life; then think of seeing dear little N——, T——, H——, M——, and your mother, and think of being there for ever with them and Jesus and all

the bright angels, with your uncle T——, and our parents, and our brothers and sisters, and dear Mr. and Mrs. H——, and our dear little friends. Will we not be happy, L——?

From your affectionate sister

LOTTIE.

A SINFUL HEART.

Lottie felt her sins more and more deeply as she grew older. Sometimes this discouraged her, but without reason. The nearer one comes to Jesus the "Light of the world," the more clearly will she discover the deep and dark chambers of her own soul. As one advances in holiness, the sense of sin deepens; this is the universal law. The eye of the soul, conscience, becomes clearer, sharper, and more discriminating; so that it discerns sin where it had seen nothing before, as the microscope reveals life within what had seemed to be only a drop of water.

This deepening sense of guilt was, in the case of Lottie, convincing evidence that she was really a child of God, and that the divine Spirit was working in her young heart to cleanse and sanctify her.

36. FROM LOTTIE'S JOURNAL.

SABBATH, June 27, 1858.—I have not written in my journal for a long time. I am going to try now to find time to write in it oftener. The other day father got a letter from Mrs. R——. She says that A——, the darling, expects to unite with the church next Sabbath, the first in July. I got a letter from A—— in April, saying that she hoped she was a Christian. This morning in Sunday-school we closed the lesson a little sooner than usual, as it is the last Sabbath we will have school until September. Mr. C—— gave in his resignation as superintendent last Sunday. Mr. J—— spoke first this morning. He said that he thought it would be a good plan for all of us, teachers and scholars, every Sunday morning at nine o'clock, to pray and read and sing, and engage in any other religious services that we chose, just as we would if we were together in Sunday-school. Mr. C—— thought that it would be very pleasant for us to pray for each other at the same time.

Then he spoke of Christ as a sympathizing friend : " Sometimes when we are with intimate friends who are very dear to us, we love to sit down with them, and tell them our feelings and unburden our hearts to them, and we can feel that they sympathize with us. Just so, dear children, we should come to Christ; and if we tell him our hearts, he will sympathize with us."

Mr. E—— preached for us to-day. This morning his text was, " Who is this Son of man?" He spoke of Christ as the Son of man; this afternoon as the Son of God. The afternoon's text was, " I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

Just at twilight I sat by the windows in mother's room. I love to look out there on Sunday evenings, and think and pray in my heart. It is so beautiful in the north-west these evenings. I had a sweet season with my Saviour. He gave me such sweet "peace." A little while ago I watched the moon. It was rising in its beautiful yellow glow. God has made this world beautiful indeed. I must close now, for I have written a very long journal, and must go to bed.

“A SWEET SEASON.”

It was not a season of self-examination ; it was not a season of meditation upon her sins : it was a “sweet season *with her Saviour.*” Ah, it is in those blessed moments when the soul is alone, when “the doors are shut” against the world, that Jesus comes and breathes on us, as on the disciples of old, and says, “Peace be unto you.” Thoughts of self and sin give place to thoughts of him who is the “Chief among ten thousand,” the One “altogether lovely ;” and these are thoughts of joy. This is joy “*in the Lord ;*” and it is the highest and holiest that we can know. On that calm Sabbath evening I wonder if Lottie thought of this hymn :

Is there a time when moments flow
More peacefully than all beside ?
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer's tide.

If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene so heavenly, sure, as this,
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.

Here we leave Lottie's journal. She made no further entry in it. The description of

that Sabbath evening communion with her Saviour was a fitting conclusion. Her life was fast approaching its sweet, peaceful evening hour, when she would lay aside the pen for ever, to take the harp and sweep it in praise of Him whom her soul so dearly loved. The journal is ended ; but the young and saintly life has yet more messages for us in the few remaining letters, which have an increasing tenderness of interest as one after another brings us nearer to her sunset hour.

37. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO L——.

PLYMOUTH, Aug. 4, 1858.

MY DEAR SISTER L—— —I am very sorry if you felt badly because I did not write you. We will have been here three weeks next Friday. I have had a very pleasant visit thus far. How long is it since you went to Geneva? There are about twenty boarders here now. . . . I cannot now think of any thing else to write about, so I will copy a piece of poetry which I think is very good. It is this :

“ONE BY ONE.”

One by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall ;
 Some are coming, some are going—
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee ;
 Let thy whole strength go to each :
 Let no future dream elate thee ;
 Learn thou first what I can teach.

One by one—bright gifts from heaven—
 Joys are sent thee here below ;
 Take them readily when given,
 Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an arméd band:
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain:
God will help thee for to-morrow;
Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion's hour despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links—God's token
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

From your affectionate sister,
LOTTIE.

There is an excellent lesson in these lines which Lottie copied for her friend. She thought them better than any thing she could write; and I leave them to speak for themselves. Are they not worth committing to memory?

38. LOTTIE'S LETTER.

PLYMOUTH, THURSDAY, Aug. 5, 1858.

Oh, Sarah, how I do wish you were here ; every thing is so bright and beautiful. For several days the weather has been cold and rainy ; but this morning, it is so different. The sky is all clear blue as far as I can see it, except on my left hand are a few fleecy white clouds. In front of me is a very large meadow, or orchard I suppose you would call it. Every spot is covered with grass, and there are very many trees in it. The little birds, dear little things, are so happy. They are singing just as hard as they can. They are as happy as I am. I do n't see how any one can help being happy on this lovely morning. Every thing is so bright, and they seem brighter because my heart is so bright. I do feel so happy I do n't know what to do.

How kind our dear Father is to make this world so bright and beautiful. I do wish you were here with me. I want you to see

and enjoy with me the beautiful things of nature. I expect father to-morrow or next day. Please write to me soon.

Very affectionately, from your own sister,
LOTTIE.

“EVERY THING IS BRIGHT.”

Yes, if the heart be bright, it gilds and colors and illumines every thing. The soul that shines with the light of God in it, sees by this radiance. It sees God's goodness and glory in every thing, and feels the thrill of grateful joy which nature is calculated to awaken. To the Christian the Sun has risen, the Sun of righteousness, and every thing seems to be aglow with the glorious gospel light. The night shadows have passed away, the morning has dawned, and all is bright and beautiful and vocal with praise. A sad heart covers every thing with the pall of its sadness, while a glad heart invests every thing with the glow of its gladness. Lottie was a warm admirer of the works of nature. She loved the landscape glittering with the gems of the morning dew, and she loved to look into the deep heavens at night when the stars

come out in their silent magnificence. In her journal, in her letters, and in her scrap-book I find abundant evidences of this. One who did not love God's works would not have selected this for a scrap-book :

STAR THOUGHTS.

How radiant the evening skies,
Broad wing of blue in heaven unfurled,
God watching with a thousand eyes
The welfare of a sleeping world.

He lights the wild-flower in the wood,
And rocks the sparrow in her nest;
He guides the angel on its road,
That comes to guard us while we rest.

When the bee blows his tiny horn
To wake the sisterhood of flowers,
And light shall kindle up the morn,
Love shall expand these hearts of ours.

God rolls the sun to its decline,
And speeds it on to realms afar,
To let the modest glow-worm shine,
And man behold the evening star.

39. LOTTIE'S SECOND LETTER TO HER LATE PASTOR.

PLYMOUTH, Aug. 8, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. H———It is Sabbath night. K. R—— and I have just been having a little prayer-meeting together. She goes home to-morrow morning. We have often talked together of you since she has been here. And to-night, as it was the last time we were to be together until we met in Brooklyn, we thought it would be pleasant to read and sing and pray together. I think Jesus was with us.

We prayed for you, and we have both of us done so very often since you left us. We love you very much, Mr. H——, and would give a great deal to see you. K—— wanted me to tell you that she often prayed for you, and that she felt so badly because she did not have an opportunity to bid you “good-by.” She said it would be such a comfort to her, if she only knew that you thought of her

sometimes, and prayed for her. She would be so glad if you would write to her. Dear Mr. H——, wont you please pray for us sometimes, and give us a little place in your heart? Feel that we love you, and often pray for you. Will you not please write a little note to Kittie? It will make her so happy. Please answer my letter as soon as you can. I shall be so happy to hear from you. Love to all, from your most affectionate

LOTTIE.

P. S. Do you think I have written any thing here that I should not have written on the Sabbath?

L.

You see how full of love Lottie's young heart was. She clung to those who loved the Saviour. She delighted to write to them, to talk, or to pray with them. This was the overflowing of genuine Christian love. And then you will notice how conscientious she was, how anxious to do perfectly right. She asked Mr. H—— if she had written any thing that was improper for the Sabbath. I like this carefulness concerning the observance

of God's holy day. The Sabbath often, in great measure, determines the week: if you misspend that day, you feel it all the week; if on that day you begin aright, the impulse helps you all the other days of the week.

The following letter is the last that Lottie addressed to her friend Minnie R——, to whom she had often written. It is indeed a beautiful letter. It savors of heaven, as if the dew of life's evening hour had already begun to fall upon her head, telling that the night of death and the morning of eternal blessedness were near. Her Father was steadily preparing her to come home to His heavenly mansions.

40. LOTTIE'S LETTER TO MINNIE.

HOME, THURSDAY, Aug. 19, 1858.

MY DEAREST MINNIE—I am very sorry indeed that you are so ill. I wish I could go and see you. I hope you are well enough to read this for yourself; if you are not, please ask the person who reads this to you, to please allow you to finish it for yourself, when you get well enough to do so. I don't want anybody to see it.

Minnie, I have felt so happy for the last few days. The reason is, because I have often communed secretly with Jesus. Oh, Minnie, I do love him so much more when I think of him often, and when I try hard to be like him and to please him. When we were at Mrs. R——'s, mother and I had a room together, and it was so very seldom that I could find an opportunity to be alone, that I seldom thought of the dear Saviour who so often thinks of me. But now that we are at home, I can go alone whenever I please.

And Minnie, dear, it is so sweet to be with Jesus; is it not? I love to think that every day brings us nearer than we ever were before, to our "Father's house," where there are many mansions prepared for those who love him. What a happy meeting that will be. We shall live for ever with our dear parents, and with Mr. H—— and Miss N——, and all our friends; but best of all, with God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I do want to see Mr. and Mrs. H—— so much. It was a trial for us to part with them. But we can find comfort in every thing; each trial and trouble of this life will make heaven sweeter at the end.

I am your loving

LOTTIE.

"I LOVE HIM SO MUCH MORE."

At last Lottie had discovered the practical secret of the Christian life. "I do love him so much more when I think of him often, and when I try hard to be like him and to please him." If you would have your love for your Saviour increase, then remember Lottie's testimony. Think of your Saviour often;

“try hard to be like him, and to please him,” and so will your love and hope steadily increase.

“NEARER TO OUR FATHER’S HOUSE.”

Little did Lottie think how prophetic and how touching the close of this letter would seem to her friends. She was indeed near to her Father’s house ; within two short months she would be there ; and already her face seems to have caught something of the glow of that light which she was swiftly approaching. God prepares his children for going home to heaven ; so that very often, after their departure, we can see many things, unnoticed before, which seem to have declared very plainly, though then we understood them not, that our loved ones were “near their Father’s house.”

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o’er and o’er:
I’m nearer my home to-day
Than I’ve ever been before ;
Nearer my Father’s house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea :

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown.
But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is that dark and unknown stream
Which leads at last to light.

Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my feeble faith;
Let me feel as though I stood
On the bank of the river Death.
For even now my feet
May stand upon its brink;
I may be nearer my home,
Nearer now than I think.

41. LOTTIE'S LAST LETTER.

SABBATH, Oct. 3, 1858.

MY OWN DARLING SISTER L———I am rejoiced to know that you are to-day going to unite yourself with the people of God.

I had intended to spend the Sabbath with you, but yesterday morning I was taken very sick at my stomach. I was so all day, sometimes worse and sometimes better. I expected to come to your house in the afternoon, and come back Monday morning. But it pleased God to deprive me of that pleasure. You know, dear L——, how much I should have enjoyed being with you to-day. I am not going to church this morning.

A little while ago father and I were sitting by the fire in the basement; no one else was there; and he said he "should have been very glad to have me go and see L—— unite with the church to-day." He then asked if I still continued to think that I was a Christian, and if I had had any desire to

unite with the church. I replied that I had. He said that if Mr. H—— had remained with us, he should have spoken to me about it before; but under the circumstances, he had not thought it best for me to join yet.

Dear L——, how gracious God has been to us; has he not? Do you remember when we used to talk about our feelings to each other, before either of us found peace in the Saviour? I want to see you very much indeed; and if I am alive and well, and it is convenient for your mother and the rest of you, I shall hope to spend the next Sabbath with you, God permitting. Please write and let me know whether it will be convenient for me to come.

I am, as ever, your most affectionate sister

LOTTIE.

THE LAST LETTER.

This is the last of Lottie's writing so far as we know. You perceive that the hand of disease was upon her when she wrote this final letter. Her friend, with whom she had often talked of Christ and heaven, and with whom she had often prayed, united with the church

of Christ upon that Sabbath; and Lottie's sympathetic heart was with her. Lottie did not here enjoy the privilege of publicly commemorating the sufferings and death of her dear Saviour; but how soon and how gladly she joined the ransomed spirits in the perfect and endless communion of heaven.

•

42. LOTTIE'S SICKNESS AND DEATH.

WE have followed the brief course of this dear young child of God thus far, guided solely by those mementos of her progress which we find in her own writings. Following her a few steps further, we see her, with her little hand clasping the hand of Jesus, going calmly down the bank of the river; we catch a glimpse of the "shining shore;" we almost see the gates of pearl open to welcome her, and close again to hide her forever from earthly vision.

Lottie's last sickness was very brief; the work of disease was completed in a single week. At first no danger was apprehended; but after a few days the physicians informed her parents that her recovery was extremely improbable. This news was sudden and sad. Who among that sorrowing family could tell Lottie that eternity was so near? It was her father's painful duty. With a heart over-

whelmed he drew near to her bedside, not knowing how to break to Lottie the momentous intelligence. How could he tell his darling child that she must die? How could she, so young, so feeble, bear such an announcement? But she must know how near she was to death. Her father began gently and tenderly to prepare her mind for the intelligence. At once she anticipated all. There was no sign of fear or of sorrow as she turned her calm sweet face towards her father, and said, "Read me the twenty-third psalm, father; read it to me while I am dying." It was read, and seemed to be a balm to her spirit. Her father asked, "What shall I pray for, my dear daughter, in your behalf?" Her prompt reply was, "That I may be willing to live or die, just as Christ wants me to." Then it seemed as if a new light beamed from her countenance. Her whole mind and heart turned towards heaven, and she seemed to be watching and waiting for the dawn, longing for its light and glory. She suffered severe paroxysms of pain, but endured them with a serene and beautiful fortitude, only exclaiming more than once, "I

want to die and go to heaven right away." A friend whispered in her ear, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come;" her only reply was a sweet smile of resignation.

There were some little articles which she had treasured as her own, and these she divided between her mother and sister as keepsakes, with words which were full of tenderness. She had borrowed a few pennies of her cousin; these she desired to have paid.

As her father leaned over her and asked her for a parting word, she said, looking upward, "Meet me there."

Her brother whispered tenderly to her, "Lottie, what will you give me?" After a moment's thought, she replied, "I can't think of any thing to give you. I'll give you a verse to remember me by;" and then distinctly repeated, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." And she added with touching sweetness, "I will ask God to let me be your guardian angel."

To her weeping mother she said, "Mother, don't cry; it will be but a little while before

you will come too. Nettie and I will be watching for you, and will be the first to meet you. I may do many good things for you, mother, without your knowing any thing about it; for I shall ask God to let me be your ministering angel. I think I shall know Nettie.”*

On the morning of the day she died, she again asked to have the twenty-third psalm read to her. Then she said, “Sing ‘Jesus, lover of my soul;’ it’s so sweet.” Her friends attempted to comply with her request, but from the depth of their emotion their voices soon failed, and she said, “Read it to me.”

Turning a look of love upon her mother, she said, “I am so sorry that I ever did any thing to grieve you. Will you forgive me?” She remembered him who had been her pastor, and said, “Give my love to Mr. H——, and tell him I can never thank him enough for what he has done for me.” Her sister said, “You will see dear Nettie and Mary†

* Nettie, her younger sister, died March 1, 1849, at the age of seven years.

† Mary was a class-mate, and very dear friend of this sister.

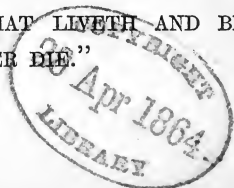
in heaven." "Yes," she replied; "and Jesus, better than all."

During the day she saw several of her school-mates, whom she greeted with great affection and pleasure. About half an hour before she died, after some moments of unconsciousness, she opened her eyes upon her sister, and smiled such a sweet and heavenly smile, that almost involuntarily her sister asked, "Do you see Jesus, darling?" She could not speak, but her answer was an inarticulate sound and another smile, so unearthly that it seemed as if it must be that the glories of heaven were already dawning upon her soul. And so she fell asleep in Jesus. It was the fourteenth day of October, 1858, and Lottie was aged thirteen years and four months.

Was that dying? Was it not rather entering upon the higher and holier life?

It is not death to die,
And leave this weary road
To join the brotherhood on high,
And be at home with God.

"HE THAT LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN ME
SHALL NEVER DIE."







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2005

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 168 715 3

